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There's crying in the next room



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Chapter 1 by Azkadelya

There was someone crying in the next room over at the Rest Awhile Inn.

The place was quaint, some seaside house re-purposed into a bed and breakfast. Stanford had found the place by accident, taking a wrong turn after leaving the ecology conference. He left a day earlier than expected and had apparently gotten turned around trying to find the airport, or so said the two ladies running the Rest Awhile. They were sweet, found him a nice room and promised him a full breakfast in the morning. He'd been rather pleased with the ordeal, as it could have ended much worse than it did.

Then the crying started.

He hadn't left his room since he arrived, so he wasn't aware of who was in the next room. Whomever it was, their weeping was quiet, barely audible over the whale noises Stanford played on his phone to help him sleep. But it was definitely crying.

Stanford wasn't sure of the etiquette in situations like this. Although, to be fair, he wasn't really aware of etiquette in situations involving people in general. Plants were much easier to deal

with. Plants don't cry. Plants don't talk. You can talk to them and the carbon dioxide you exhale helps them grow, but they don't c

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Was he meant to ask after them? Were they okay? Did they want to be bothered? Would they be insulted if he knocked on their door? Maybe they were hoping someone would notice them. Stanford was terrible at consoling people anyway, they'd be better off if someone else noticed them. Maybe he should find the owners of the place?

Stanford shifted uncomfortably, turning onto his other side, and the bed let out a squeak. The crying ceased instantly.

A new set of questions began to whirl through Stanford's mind. Did they know he was awake? Did they know he heard? Were they expecting him now? Were they scared that he might go to see after them?

Somehow through the anxiety the questions brought him, and with the new found quiet only broken by the whale songs in the background, Stanford fell asleep.

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